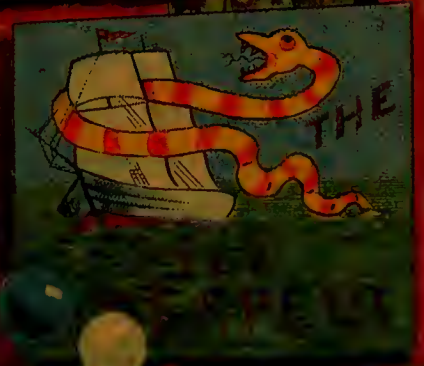


# A MUSEUM OF WONDERS!



MUSEUM  
OF  
WONDERS

MUSEUM  
OF  
WONDERS

MUSEUM  
OF  
WONDERS

ADMISSION  
\$2.00  
GEORGE  
ROUTLEDGE  
& SONS

F.O.#

SCHMULOWITZ COLLECTION  
OF WIT AND HUMOR



A Gift to the San Francisco Public Library  
from Nat Schmulowitz

S. A. F. K.







*Imitation Elephant.*



MUSEUM

Wonders of

And what the  
Young Folks Saw There

Explained in  
Many Pictures

by

F. Opper

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE  
& SONS

LONDON  
Broadway,  
Ludgate  
Hill

NEW YORK  
9  
Lafayette  
Place



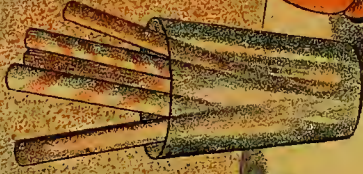
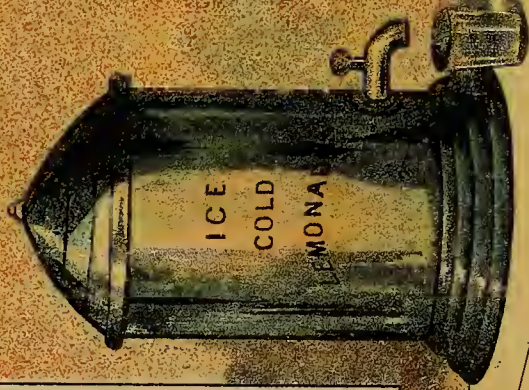


*Do not forget to see the*

Imitation Elephant.  
Refreshment Stand.  
Band.  
Giant.  
Stuffed Animals.  
Electric Battery.  
Policeman and the Museum.  
Bowling Alley.  
Wonders of the Heavens.  
Swing.  
Marionettes.  
Lightning Caricaturist.  
Magician.  
Bonaparte Crossing the Alps.  
Phrenologist.  
Musical Wonder.  
Long-Haired Lady.  
Long-Haired Gentleman.  
Silhouette Cutter.  
Aquarium.  
Sea Serpent.  
Ventriloquist.  
Wonderful Sharp-Shooter.  
Boy on Stilts.  
Doll's Ascension Balloon.  
Living Skeleton.  
Learned Pig.  
Fat Lady.  
Midgets.  
Distorting Mirror.  
Amazed Sight-Seers.

Oh! What a bustle and what a noise—  
What laughs from the girls, what shouts from the boys,  
What hunting hats and things, ere they can go.  
To see the Museum's wonderful

show.  
As they may be gone all day,  
They must have some refresh-  
ments, they say,  
So they hunt up a stray nickel,  
And dispatch this little pickle,  
To a stand just over the way,  
That is kept by the widow Mac-  
Cray.



F. O. Cray

*Refreshment Stand.*



F. O.

*Band.*

## THE BAND.

But all in order now they walk, on through the sunny street,  
And they feel a sort of pity for the little ones they meet —  
Not every one can have a treat this charming summer day;  
For some must work while others sport, so wears the world away.  
As they near the mystic portals, comes a wond'rous burst of sound,  
“Tirra, lirra, toot, toot, toot,” the children stare around;  
They feel a little timid and clutch each other's hand,  
Till Aleck cries out stoutly: “Don't you see it is the band?”  
Yes! there they were, and in full force, the lean man with the drum,  
That seemed in thunder tones to call on all the world to come;  
And a little dapper dandy that on a cornet blew  
So sweetly that the public were drawn in before they knew.  
Then there was a portly fellow, with a very jolly face,  
Who tooted on a little horn with perfect ease and grace.  
“I wonder why,” said Nelly, “they don't give that twisted thing  
To this great fat monster here, who can blow like anything;  
The little horn would better suit this little man, and then—”  
“Oh! much you know,” said Aleck, “girls cannot judge for men.”  
Would you like to hear what the band did play,  
’Twas “Over the hills and far away.”  
And the fat man thought of the Fatherland,  
    And the tiny cottage in the snows,  
Girt by the mountains on either hand,  
    Where summer kindled the Alpine rose.  
And the lean man, with the drum,  
    Thought of a day that was gone,  
When war's wild call beat through the land,  
And he saw his friends fall on either hand,  
    And he was left alone.  
But the cornet man blew loud and fast; he had no sorrow in his past.

## THE GIANT.

They had heard of giants old,  
And in fairy tales been told  
How they fattened up their victims and heeded not their groans,  
Little girl pudding and baby sauce,  
Little boy pie for second course,  
While they laughed with wicked glee as they gaily picked the bones.

So when they saw draw near  
This enormous grenadier,  
In his epaulettes and spurs, why a chill crept through their hair;  
But Aleck scorned such fear,  
And cried out so all could hear,  
"Say! Ain't you kind of lonesome way up there in the air?"

He was not like giants old,  
For his heart was good as gold,  
And he gazed upon the children with a broad good-natured smile.  
He was not devoid of feeling,  
Though his head could touch the ceiling,  
And he held on to the chandelier to brace him up the while.

"I'm a young, new-fashioned giant,  
And my disposition's pliant,  
No 'Fee-fo-fum' about me, you can bet your life on that.  
Little boys are not my fare,  
I prefer a beefsteak rare,  
Or a kidney stew, or saddle roast with plenty of the fat.

And for dessert, best of all,  
Meet me at the orchard wall,  
I can reach the finest pippins from the very tallest trees;  
If you like the juicy fruit,  
And will fix the hour to suit,  
I will gather for my little friends as many as they please."



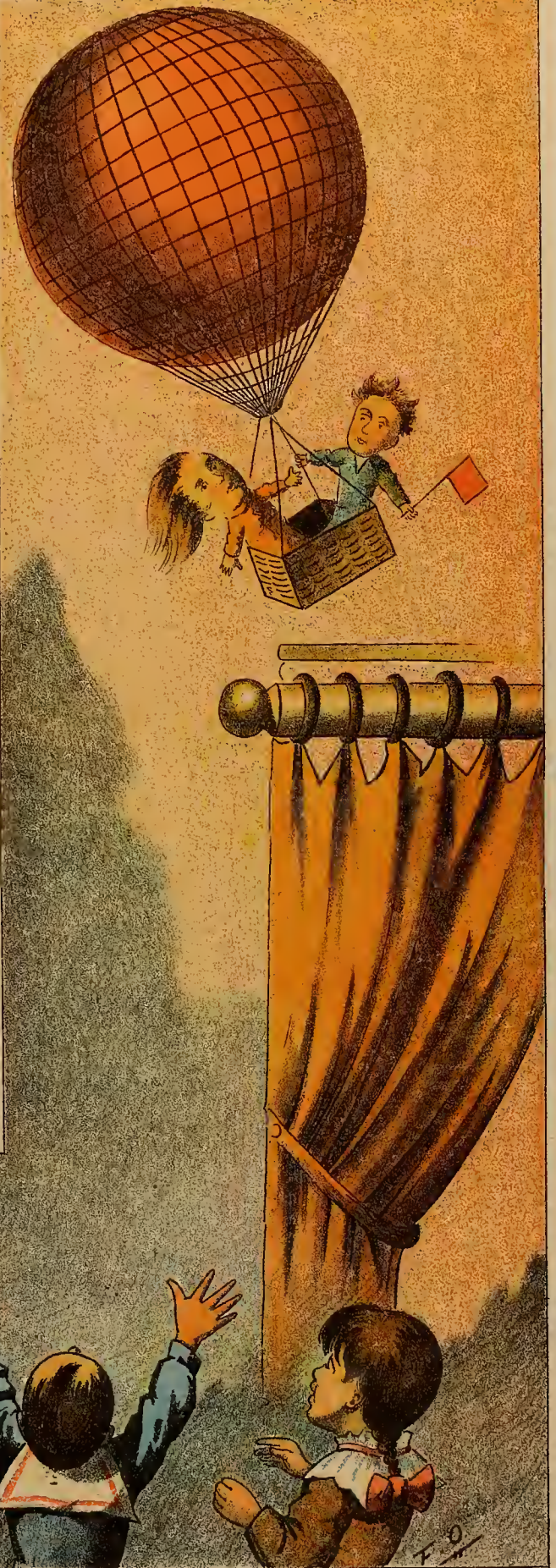
*Giant.*

See! high in the air,  
The two dollies there,  
Go floating off in a balloon;  
They seem in a fright,  
And hold on with their might,  
For they might go as far as the moon.

And yet do you know  
They wanted to go,  
They have waited so long for a chance  
To elope and discover  
A land where doll-lovers  
Could find a sweet home of romance.

But the girl feels a thrill  
And a strange ugly chill,  
That freezes her hair and her hopes;  
"Oh! cut it," she cries,  
With the tears in her eyes,  
"If you love me, oh! please cut the ropes."

"My dear," said the wag,  
As he held fast his flag,  
"You mustn't get frightened so soon,  
There's the moon just above us,  
What a spot for doll-lovers  
To set up their own honeymoon."  
And they sailed and sailed for that distant shore,  
And the children never saw them more.



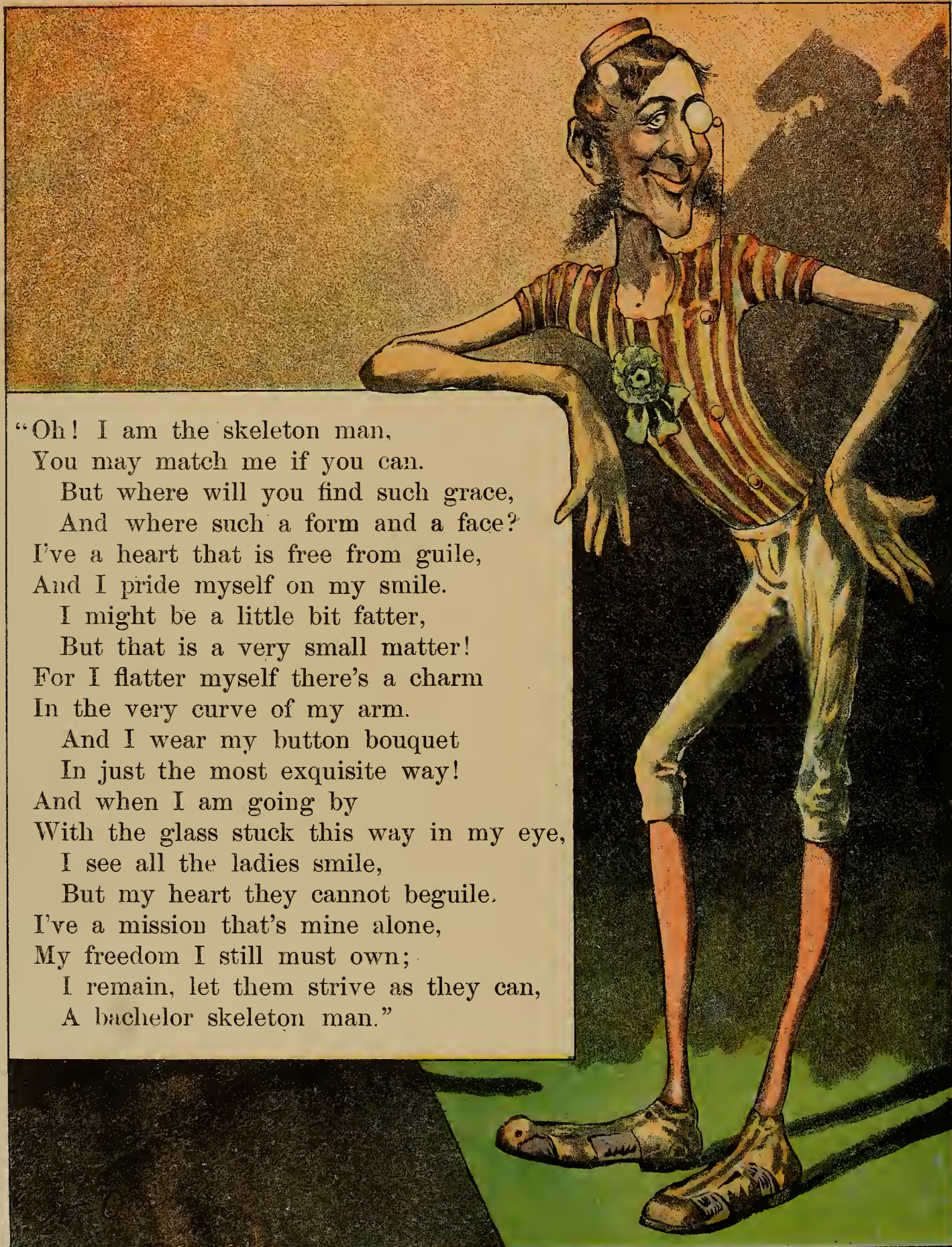
*Doll's Balloon Ascension.*





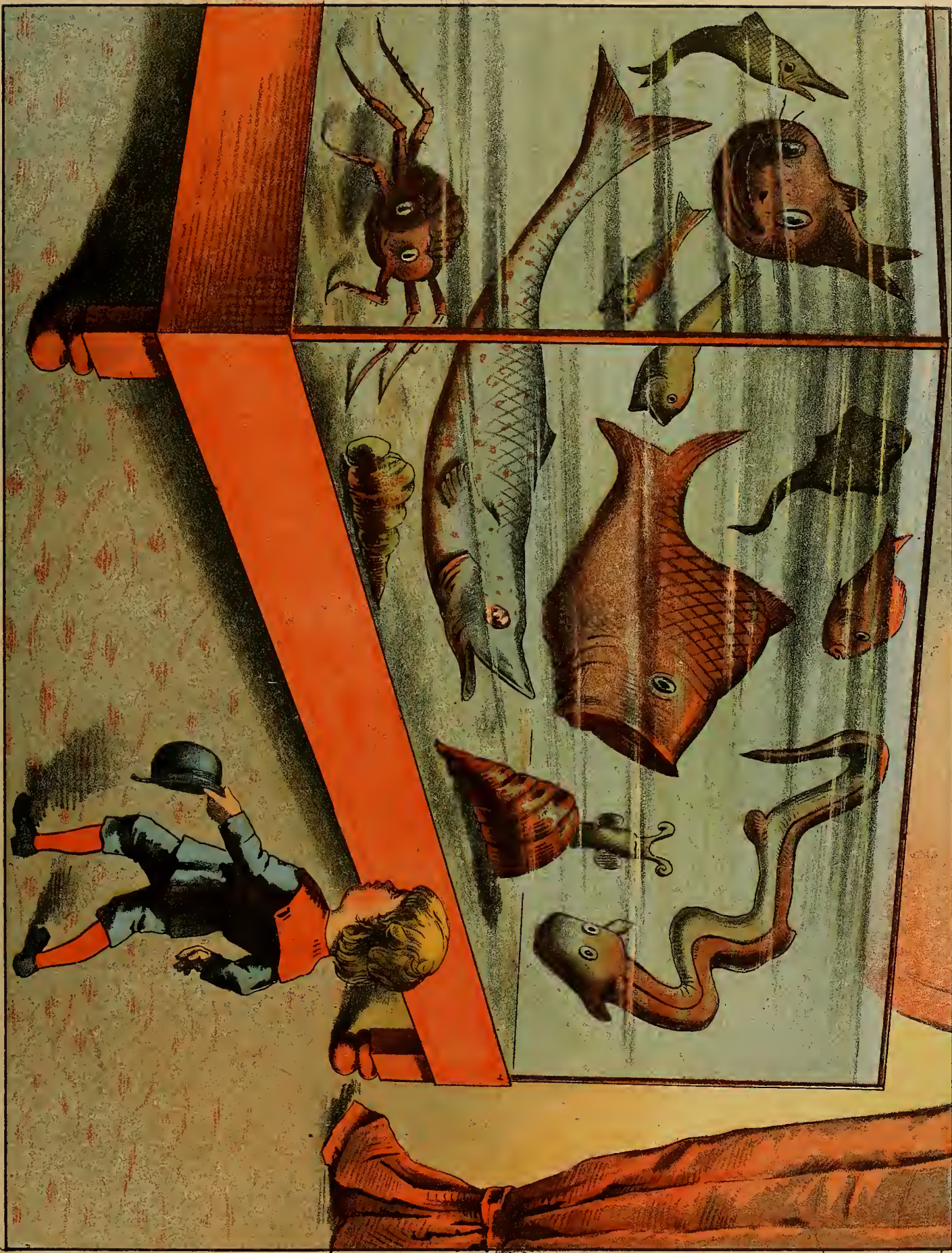
## THE IMITATION ELEPHANT.

In story books we've read and heard of elephants a score,  
And many a famous one we've seen, brought from a foreign shore;  
We know what wise things they can do, and how they keep in mind  
The tricks of naughty children and pay them off in kind.  
You've read about the elephant to whom a 'prentice lad  
Fed peppery cakes that burnt his mouth—it really was too bad!  
The graceless youth just laughed with glee at every queer grimace  
And said: "What fun it is to see an elephant make a face!"  
And then that evil 'prentice lad went on his reckless way,  
But ah! he had to pass that elephant each day;  
And the wily beast just filled his trunk with water thick and foul,  
And he gave that 'prentice such a bath as made him wildly howl;  
So, children, just remember this, and bear it in your mind—  
If you are kind to elephants, they also will be kind.  
There was Jumbo, too—the children's friend—the greatest of them all!  
He could look down on every one, he was so very tall;  
And yet he gave himself no airs—was always good and mild—  
And did not scorn to carry the tiniest little child.  
You've heard of the white elephant, just brought from o'er the sea—  
The sacred beast to whom the priests of India bend the knee?  
They say he's not so white as one would naturally think;  
Indeed, there is a rumor that he is rather pink!  
But he's not the kind of animal that you see every day—  
He's the whitest thing in elephants—that's all there is to say.  
So Barnum cried: "Ye poets all, now resting on your bays,  
Come, get your lyres, and buckle down to a kind of work that pays!  
For I will give of shekels five hundred fair and fine,  
To him who best shall sing the praise of this elephant of mine!"  
Then all the poets clutched their hair and rolled their frenzied eyes,  
And wrote of Buddha's white-robed priests and India's deep blue skies,  
And spicy breezes blowing soft amid the waving palms,  
And choral songs and incense mixed with penitential psalms!  
But one who failed remarked (as he read the songs) with spite:  
Oh! blessed are the elephants, for they cannot read or write!"  
The beast you here behold is one you very rarely meet;  
He wears plaid trousers on his legs and shoes upon his feet;  
His tail is just a piece of string—gray flannel is his head,  
And a very curious kind of hump lifts up that blanket red;  
In fact, I think if you should try, some time when you're at play,  
An elephant as good as this you could make any day!



“Oh! I am the skeleton man,  
You may match me if you can.  
But where will you find such grace,  
And where such a form and a face?  
I’ve a heart that is free from guile,  
And I pride myself on my smile.  
I might be a little bit fatter,  
But that is a very small matter!  
For I flatter myself there’s a charm  
In the very curve of my arm.  
And I wear my button bouquet  
In just the most exquisite way!  
And when I am going by  
With the glass stuck this way in my eye,  
I see all the ladies smile,  
But my heart they cannot beguile.  
I’ve a mission that’s mine alone,  
My freedom I still must own;  
I remain, let them strive as they can,  
A bachelor skeleton man.”

*Living Skeleton.*



*Aquarium.*

## THE AQUARIUM.

Tiny Tim, who has wandered away from the rest,  
On a tour to examine the things he likes best,  
Stops suddenly, struck with amaze and surprise,  
Can those monsters be fish?—he rubs hard at his eyes;  
He knows very well how fish usually look  
When their toilets are properly made by the cook;

By ponds he has eagerly sought them,  
But a crooked pin never has caught them,  
Yet mamma has frequently bought them,  
And the cook has in vinegar soused them,  
Or in egg-dressing tenderly doused them.  
Or cut them in delicate chowder,  
Or fried them in nice cracker powder;

But he trembles in sight of this very odd crew,  
Who wear their queer heads on and strange trimming too.

There's a ladylike one, but beside her  
A brown ball, that's like a fish-spider,  
For it walks on six legs, and it stares  
Till he feels all the separate hairs  
Rise straight on his innocent head,

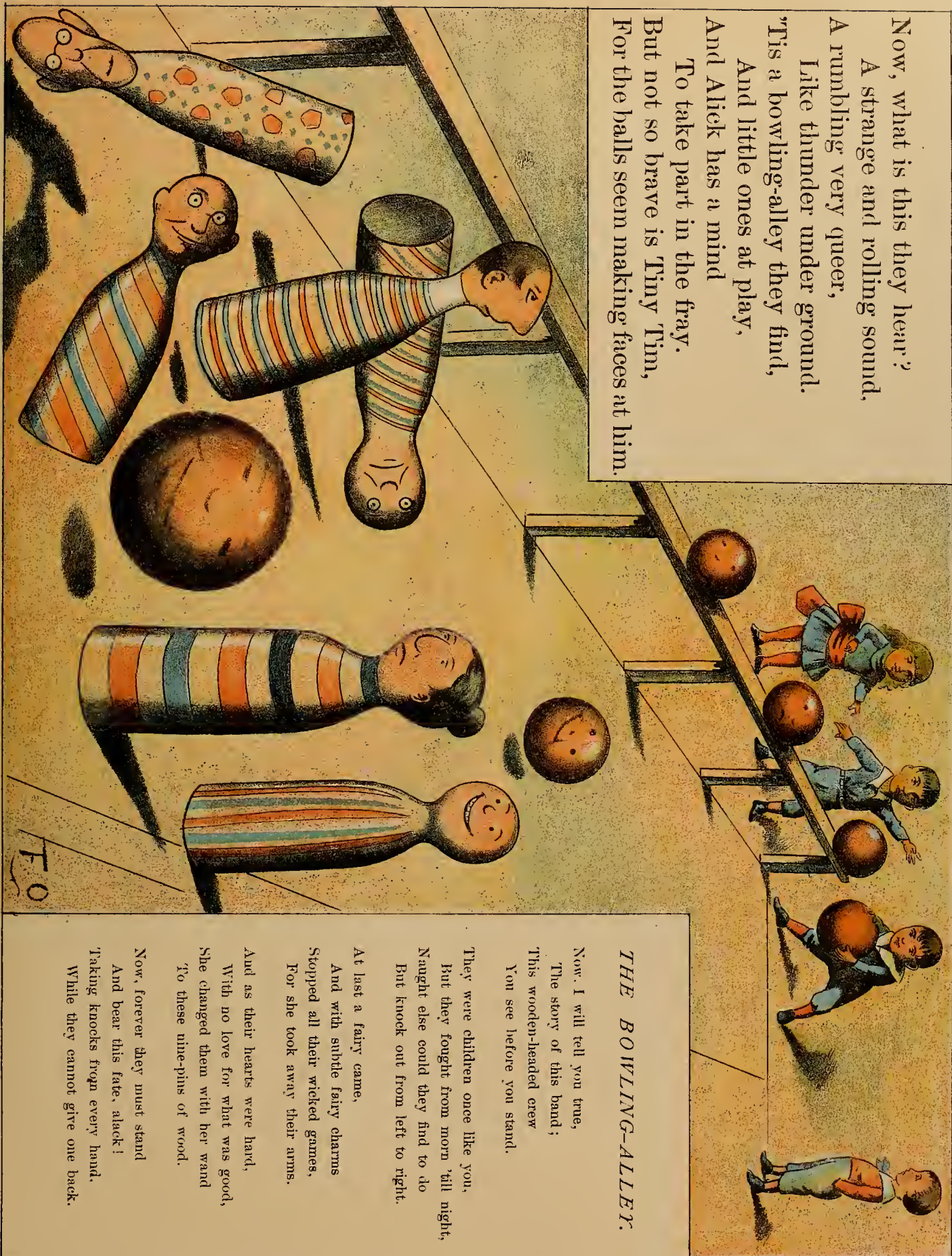
And he thinks of his home and his bed,  
With a very unusual and frantic desire;  
And there's one with an ulster as red as the fire,  
And a mouth whose dimensions no one could admire;  
And it seems to be sailing straight for him;  
Oh! there's no place like home!" quoth Tiny Tim,  
They've nothing but water, still that one looks drunk,  
And I saw him distinctly—he *did* wink a wunk;  
If I made such horrible faces at him,  
I wonder how *he'd* like it?" said Tiny Tim.

*The Sea Serpent.*



Sea Serpent.

Now, what is this they hear?  
 A strange and rolling sound,  
 A rumbling very queer,  
 Like thunder under ground.  
 'Tis a bowling-alley they find,  
 And little ones at play,  
 And Alick has a mind  
 To take part in the fray.  
 But not so brave is Tiny Tim,  
 For the balls seem making faces at him.



*THE BOWLING-ALLEY.*

Now, I will tell you true,  
 The story of this band;  
 This wooden-headed crew  
 You see before you stand.

They were children once like you,  
 But they fought from morn 'till night,  
 Naught else could they find to do  
 But knock out from left to right.

At last a fairy came,  
 And with subtle fairy charms  
 Stopped all their wicked games,  
 For she took away their arms.

And as their hearts were hard,  
 With no love for what was good,  
 She changed them with her wand  
 To these nine-pins of wood.

Now, forever they must stand  
 And bear this fate, alas!  
 Taking knocks from every hand,  
 While they cannot give one back.

*Bowling Alley.*

FO

## THE SEA-SERPENT.

Now, children, big and little, come one and all, draw near:  
This is a monster of the deep, but you need have no fear;  
A daring rover once was he upon the Spanish Main,  
But the poor old fellow never will make a cruise again.  
He wears a patch upon his coat, though he was once so proud,  
And has to put his glasses on when he would see the crowd.  
Though he looks so ferocious, his teeth are false, you know;  
They were put in for ornament when we bought him for the show.  
You see his eyes are very sad, and seem to look away  
To where his young sea-serpents uncoil themselves in play.  
He's thinking of the coral caves and how he led the ball,  
And flirted with the mermaids, the gayest of them all.  
He sees them sitting on the rocks as they comb their golden hair,  
And now another sea-serpent must tell them they are fair.  
There bloomed the sea anemones, deep in the cool green caves,  
And dim as shadows floated the sea-moss on the waves.  
The great whales washed their rubber coats, and the fishes went to school,  
And the porpoise had to whip them whene'er they broke a rule;  
And when the oysters cried at that—just like some little girls—  
Now wasn't it quite funny, all their tears should turn to pearls?  
If that should happen in our world, I do not fear to say  
That many a little maiden would be crying every day.  
Sometimes a hapless vessel in the great deep went down,  
And they saw the shuddering victims in the raging billows drown;  
And gold and gems would lie like dross on ocean's pearly floor,  
But the owners never rose again to take their hoarded store.  
Without a coffin or a grave, forever there they lie,  
The sea-wave washing over them as blue as summer sky.  
But ne'er was stately carving on the grandest monument  
More fair than branching coral with its lovely colors blent.



## *THE LONG-HAIRED LADY.*

What a sight is here! the children stare!  
A lady with wonderful length of hair!  
It ripples far back upon the floor;  
It reaches almost to the very door;  
It glitters as though it were spun from gold,  
And end of it on a wagon is rolled!  
The people greet her with a shout:  
“And what made it grow?” they all cry out;  
The lady replies, in accents calm,  
“I used the magical Bengal Balm!”

---

## *THE LONG-HAIRED MAN.*

Next to her follows a queer looking man;  
His red locks would measure many a span;  
They are neatly hung up on a hook in the wall,  
Lest some one should over them stumble and fall.  
“Ladies and gents, I state without fear,  
Once I was bald as the baldest here:  
If you, too, covet a wealth of hair,  
Just buy this ‘Renewer’ that I prepare!”



The  
Long Bearded Gentleman  
is now  
on Exhibition.



Can be Seen  
only at the  
Museum of Wonders.

*Long Haired Lady and Long Haired Gentleman*

Fr. 0.5



Electric Battery.

## *ELECTRIC BATTERY.*

Whene'er you take your walks abroad you see them everywhere,  
A strange net-work of wires that hang suspended in the air.  
They bring you words to make you weep, and words to make you laugh,  
Yet always seem a mystery—this wond'rous telegraph ;  
You have heard 'tis electricity, that a strange and unseen fire,  
Runs somehow at a skillful touch, through each mysterious wire ;  
But how it's done you cannot tell, no matter how you stare,  
You never see a message running on them through the air.  
The little birds oft light on them, and do not faint or fall ;  
And how they carry telegrams you cannot see at all ;  
And yet you've heard how they can bring such words of woe and dread  
As " Dear Mamma is very ill," or " Dear Papa is dead !"  
And then again a message, so full of joy and pleasure,  
As " Louise's party 's on the 8th, come on and tread a measure."  
Did you ever watch the sky grow dark upon a gloomy day,  
And see the strange and lurid light upon the storm-cloud play ?  
You have heard it's name is lightning, that it leaps down from the sky  
Sometimes, and strikes a person, who is very apt to die ;  
And perhaps you've heard of Franklin, who tamed this fiery sprite,  
In a very curious manner, he discovered by a kite ;  
Upon the string he tied a key and held it in his hand,  
And then the fiery fluid seemed to come at his command,  
And men found out a way by which this mighty thing is led,  
And kept from harming us, and made to do our work instead.  
It turns machines, it carries news quick as a flash of light,  
No matter how it toils by day, it never rests at night.  
The children try the battery, and how they scream and laugh,  
" Now send a message on us for we're a telegraph !"  
The shock is rather funny, a sort of tingling pain,  
But I'm sure they will not want to be a telegraph again.

## *Lightning Caricaturist.*

Oh! children, have you ever heard the story of Aladdin;

How, just by rubbing an old lamp, he did such wondrous things?  
He could build a stately palace, that a monarch's heart might gladden,

Or with a wish could have a peck of pearls or diamond rings!  
If he happened to be hungry he called up in a minute

The best of food, in dishes of silver or of gold!  
If he chose to travel, came at once a carriage, with all in it—  
Softest cushions, dainty curtains, to keep out the heat and cold.

Oh! many a child has read the tale and envied him his wishes,  
And longed for such a magic lamp in this prosaic day;  
For the rich and wondrous banquets in the gold and silver dishes,  
And the carriage always ready in such a charming way!

We may talk of light electric that is equal to the sunlight;  
We may praise the milder shining of the mellow parlor-gas;  
Yet, if we had our choice, we would surely take the one light  
Of that old lamp, that never more will shine on earth, alas!

Yet here is a magician, who, with a stroke, can build you  
Stately palaces and castles in the twinkling of an eye!  
He can stock your farm with cattle—he can fill a blooming garden,  
Or show a range of mountains, with their summits in the sky!

Lakes and rivers all are easy; he can build a church and steeple  
Before a mason would have time to lay a single stone!

And then, more wondrous still—he can fill it up with people,  
And put an organ in it—but the music all has flown!

Yet his houses and his castles no mortal e'er could live in,  
And his cattle never move, and his people never talk;

For you see our new magician is but a lightning artist,  
He is working wonders only with a *piece of chalk!*

So, ask what you like, he will draw it with ease,  
And dearly he loves little children to please!



*Lightning Caricaturist.*

Oh! piggy-wiggy, how wise you look,  
As if you could read out of any book;  
Do you feel a pride in the wondrous show,  
With your green neck ruffle and scarlet bow?  
You play your cards like a gamester bold,  
But don't you pine for your sty of old?  
I am sure you feel that your lot is hard,  
Although you turn up the winning card,  
And you long to change this game of skill,  
For a good old-fashioned bucket of swill;  
Ah! piggy, we all must learn, with pain,  
That wisdom brings loss as well as gain.



*Learned Pig.*

F.O.

## THE MAGICIAN.

This is a famed Magician, who has come from Bundelpore;  
He reads the stars by midnight, and studies magic lore;  
He takes a watch and pounds it up into a powder small—  
The owner never more expects to see his watch at all—  
Then suddenly it is produced from out his neighbor's hat,  
And, strange to say, it is all right, though it was pounded flat.  
He makes a pudding in his hat, and then, to your surprise,  
He takes a dozen eggs from it—you cannot believe your eyes!  
More wondrous still, six lovely doves now fly up in the air—  
No wonder this magician can make the children stare!  
But there is a magician—I know him very well—  
Who has more power in his touch, more magic in his spell;  
He can raise you from a hovel, he can give you house and land,  
Costly jewels, lovely fabrics, all will come at his command;  
Though you are in rags he'll clothe you in garments fine and fair;  
If you're starving he can bring you a feast both rich and rare.  
He turns the yellow wheat to flour—he changes grapes to wine,  
The apples into cider, the wool to cloth so fine.  
He builds the grandest bridges; he quarries marble fair;  
He paints such wondrous pictures; he carves such statues rare;  
He can weave the fragile laces; he can crush the iron ore—  
Drill the eyes of finest needles—through the giant mountains bore.  
He can drain a mighty river, and build cities where it ran;  
He can raise up tons of metal, or gently waft a fan;  
He can spin a thread of gossamer—twist iron bars in two;  
There's no end to the miracles that he can show to you,  
Or the wonders he'll accomplish, if you will strive aright  
The task that lies before you to do with all your might;  
But he must be your master, and he'll rule you like a Turk.  
The name of this Magician: Well, I'll tell you—"Mr. Work!"



## *THE POLICEMAN.*

I'm Mr. Pete O'Flaherty,  
I give you all a warning,  
If you want to catch me napping,  
Get up early in the morning!  
Sure, I came out in the steerage,  
And low was my condition,  
But I wouldn't take a peerage,  
For my prisint proud position.  
For I'm a policeman bold,  
I cannot be bribed with gold,  
Men shake in their shoes,  
At a glance from my eye,  
Each ill-mannered cub,  
When he sees my club,  
Cries: "Here is a cop, let's fly."  
The burglar grows weak  
When he hears me speak,  
His little game is o'er;  
In a prison alone,  
He may sigh and groan,  
He cannot burgle more.  
But though I'm as firm as a rock,  
All the rosy cheeked lassies fly for me,  
And good little boys are not shy for me,  
And they say the babies cry for me,  
All the babies on our block,  
And the ladies glance as I pass,  
And give me their smiles—the divinest!  
And whisper, "There goes O'Flaherty,  
And sure, he's one of the finest."

The  
Policeman  
at the  
Museum of  
Wonders.

Fearless

and

Free.

“He wouldn't take a peerage

For his present proud position.”



*Policeman.*

FO #



*Magician.*

## *WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.*

Oh! Merry has gazed at the moon  
    On many a starry night,  
And wondered at the tales he heard  
    As he saw its silvery light.  
Was it really made of green cheeses?  
    Or was it a world like ours,  
With such pleasant fields and mountains,  
    And brooks, and trees, and flowers?  
And was there a man in the moon?  
    And was he a saint or a sinner?  
And where did he get his Sunday clothes?  
    And what did he have for dinner?  
And did he have moon-children?  
    And did he send them to school?  
And did the moon-teacher flog them  
    Whenever they broke a rule?  
Now you see that Merry is gazing  
    Through a wondrous telescope,  
And the man in the moon smiles blandly,  
    He will know all now — we hope.

*The Stuffed Animals.*



*The Stuffed*




Animals.





The  
Wonders of the Heavens  
Displayed!

Every child can  
make acquaintance  
with the  
Celestial Spheres.

 If you don't see  
the particular planet  
you are looking for,  
ask for it!



*Wonders of the Heavens.*

## *THE STUFFED ANIMALS.*

Now comes the jolly showman, and makes to all a bow :  
“ You have never seen such wonders as you will witness now.  
To gather this collection we roamed the wide world o’er,—  
Timbuctoo and Kamschatka, and to the Jersey Shore ;  
And first in order we’ll begin with this, our ‘ Missing Link ’ ;  
It may be his relations you have met before, I think.  
But this is a Gorilla, and in his native haunts  
He doesn’t think it needful to put on coat and pants ;  
He plays ball with his cocoanuts and wanders at his ease,  
And doesn’t need a hammock to swing among the trees ;  
And now you see he’s put on style, and looks quite like a man ;  
In fact, it’s hard to tell just where the difference began.  
The Mule — a graceful creature, you may have seen before,  
He is not sure — though beautiful, he blooms on every shore ;  
His voice is high soprano and in a minor key —  
He has an ear for music, as you may plainly see ;  
But on one point he’s sensitive — you must not pull his tail,  
Or you’ll think you’re struck by lightning or wrecked upon a rail.  
You ne’er can change his purpose, with coaxing words or blows,  
For he is like some people, and what he knows, he knows !  
I next must introduce you to this dandy Pelican ;  
He has a black silk hat, you see, and wears it like a man ;  
With legs like sticks of sealing-wax, erect and firm he stands,  
And has an air of wisdom, though reared in foreign lands.  
Such legs must be convenient, whene’er the ground is damp ;  
He doesn’t wet his ulster when wading through a swamp.  
Here’s the Giraffe, so famous, who overlooks the show,  
His neck is quite adapted to that sort of thing, you know.

## THE STUFFED ANIMALS. (*Continued*).

He's always mild and gentle and minds his own affairs,  
And though he is so very high, he doesn't put on airs;  
He runs away from hunters as fast as he can go,  
For he has no ambition to figure at a show.  
And for his looks, so curious, and his neck so long and queer,  
We have given him a nick-name, he is called 'The Overseer.'  
This Royal Bengal Tiger was quite a precious prize,  
You see how varied are his stripes, how terrible his eyes!  
He looks as if he'd like a bite from yonder juicy child,  
You would not like to meet him when in his native wild;  
But now you see he's harmless, and you may venture near  
And stroke his fur, so splendid, without a bit of fear.  
He cannot spring upon you now, in his deceitful way,  
And the smallest of the children may boldly with him play.  
This gem of the collection, a fearful Crocodile,  
Was slyly caught while napping on the green banks of the Nile;  
'Twas there he dried his shining mail, and sported in the sun,  
Or took mud baths for pleasure, when the torrid day was done.  
His mouth is like a cavern, and travellers are wary,  
For he has been known to swallow the gentle missionary!  
But his little games are over, you may stroke his horny mail,  
He is here to point a moral, and to adorn a tale!  
Last but not least, the Elephant, majestic there he stands,  
As when he led the caravan, o'er India's golden sands;  
He did not want to leave his home, but when he had to go  
He packed his trunk and came along and halted at our show.  
He has two pair of trousers on for fear he should take cold,  
And he is wearing spectacles because he's growing old.  
He seems to eye the 'Missing Link' as if in all his days  
So very odd a creature had never met his gaze.  
Now study all the points, my children, for you know  
There are many useful things to learn from our instructive show."

Have your  
Head  
Examined.

What am I best  
fitted for?

Artist,

Barber,

Carpenter,

Doctor,

Engineer,

Farmer,

Grocer,

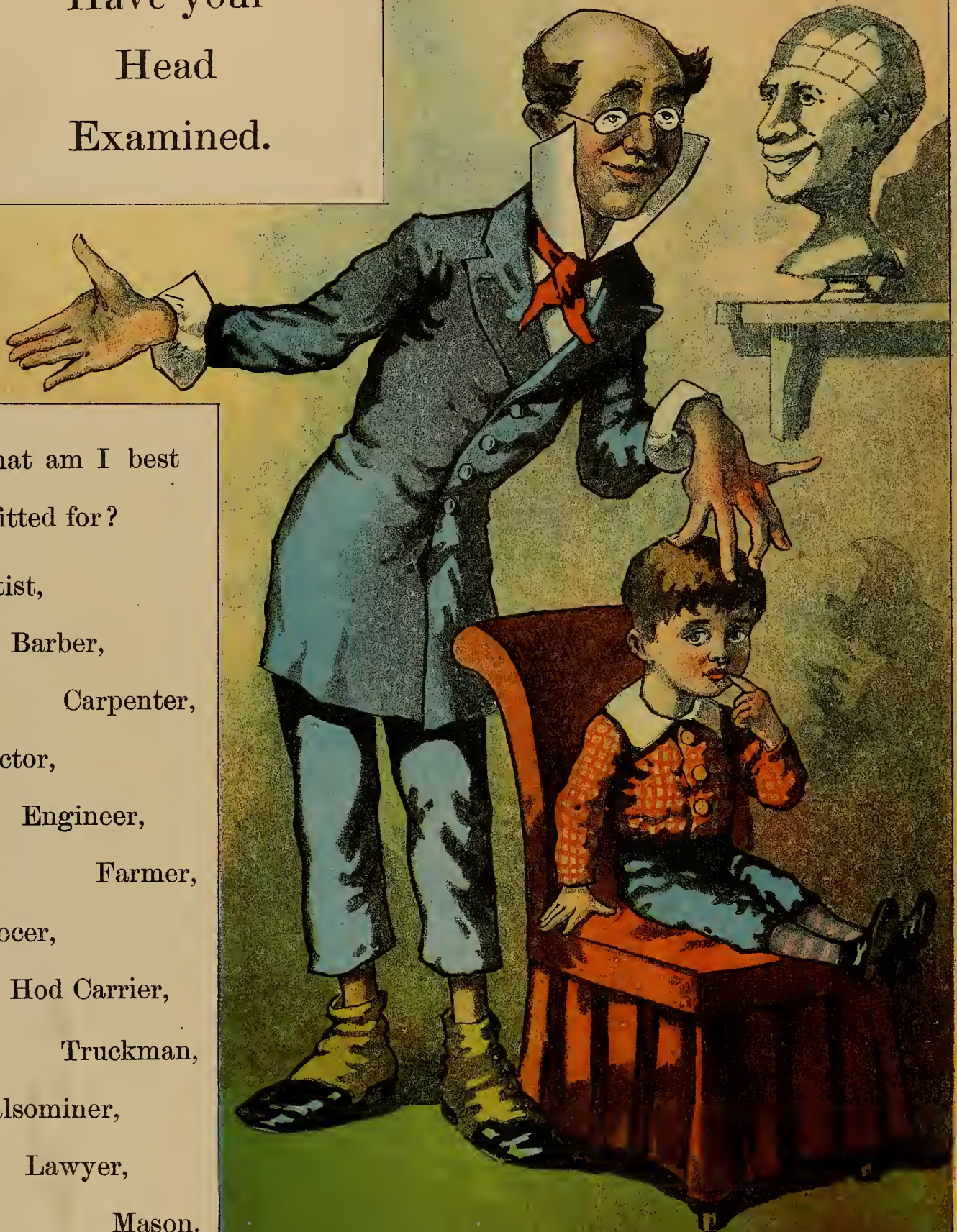
Hod Carrier,

Truckman,

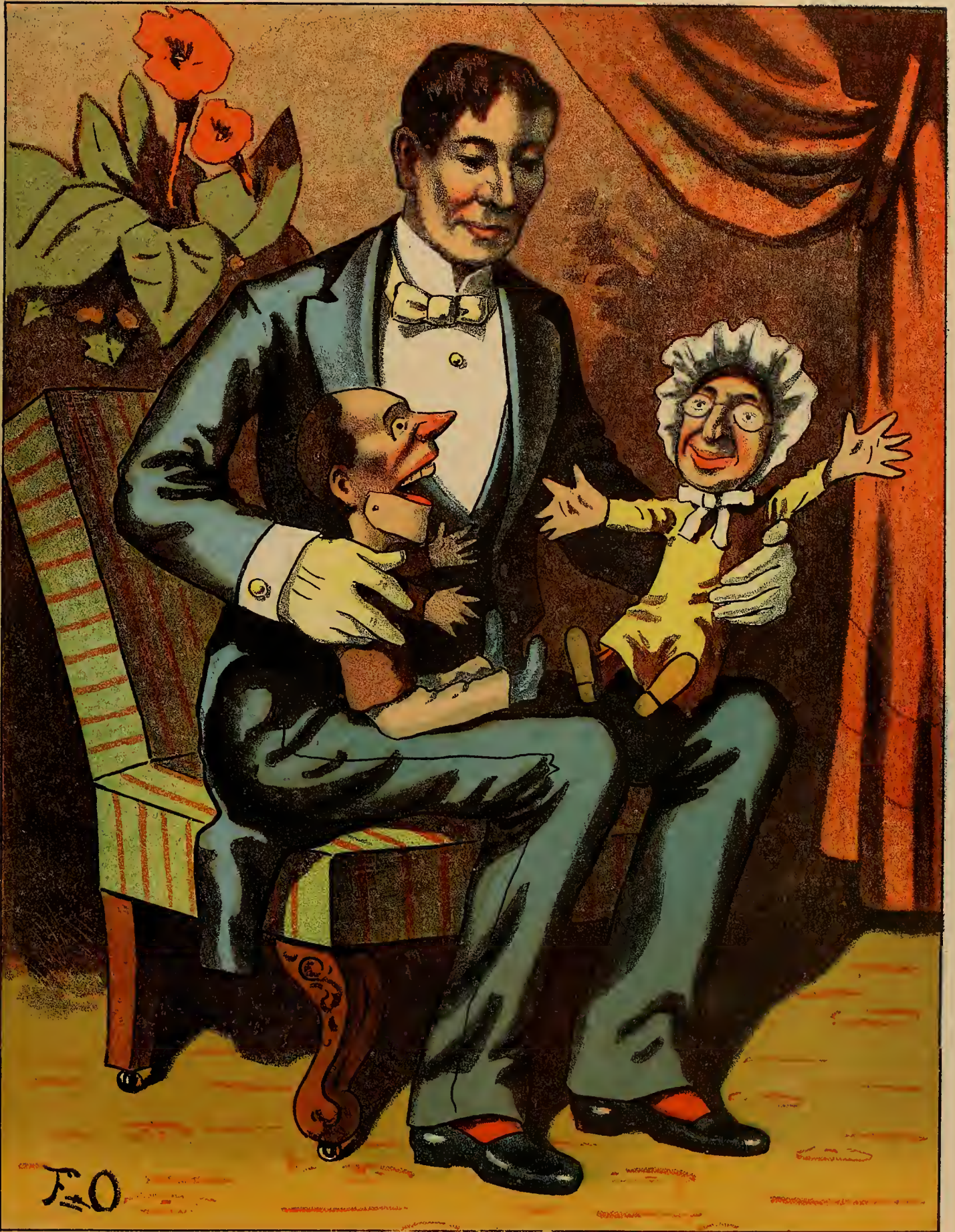
Kalsominer,

Lawyer,

Mason.



*Phrenologist.*



*Ventriloquist.*

## *THE PHRENOLOGIST.*

This is Professor Jehosophat Jinks,  
Who can tell what a person feels and thinks,  
What they have done and what they will do,  
What sort of calling they should pursue,  
And just the sort of life they have led,  
All by feeling the bumps on their head!

---

Little Tommy Twitter,  
Coaxed to be a sitter,  
Of the chair takes hold,  
Feels his blood run cold  
As those bony fingers  
In his brown hair linger,  
Thinks of Indian lore,  
And such tales of gore!  
But the bumptious man  
Soon a speech began,  
Sets his mind at ease,  
Couldn't help but please:  
"In this boy I find  
Tokens of great mind;  
He will take his stand  
By patriot and sage,  
The great ones of the land,  
Who brighten every age.  
He does not waste his pence,  
But hoards them with great sense.  
I find he's so saving,  
There's not the least doubt,  
He don't play with his marbles  
For fear they'll wear out!"

*Napoleon Crossing the Alps.*



*Peep Show (Napoleon Crossing the Alps).*



Little Migo Tambourini,  
Although she's so tiny,  
Can play the most difficult things,  
Sonatas and glees,  
Whatever you please,  
And oh! you should hear how she sings.  
But she looks somewhat dreary,  
And her eyes rather weary,  
As if she were tired of the work,  
If the books chance to fall,  
'Twould be saddest of all,  
For down she would come with a jerk.



*Musical Wonder.*

## THE VENTRILOQUIST.

You have heard in song and story of the funny elves and gnomes,  
Who, in the wild Hartz mountains and elsewhere have their homes ;  
And many a traveller hears them as he passes in the dark,  
In the caverns deep, lit only by a gold or diamond spark.  
With their little picks and shovels they work through all the night,  
And, in their funny pointed caps, but rarely see the light.  
They know the caves of silver, where it lies in gleamy bars,  
They know the nooks where diamonds are sparkling like the stars,  
Where the rubies burn like sparks of fire, and gold more precious shines,  
Far in the rocky fortresses, deep hidden in the mines ;  
But now and then they come on earth to help some feeble one,  
Some weary sewing maiden, some widow poor and lone.  
Through the night they spin her cloth or sew the tiresome seam —  
She imagines in the morning that she did it in a dream.  
Now, once there was a widow, and she was ill and poor ;  
She toiled both late and early to keep hunger from her door ;  
She had a boy—a graceless lad—who'd rather talk than work,  
And a giddy girl, who always was wont her task to shirk.  
Whene'er this widow at her work let slumber o'er her steal,  
Two little gnomes, who pitied her, then turned the spinning-wheel ;  
And oh ! what lovely fairy cloth the little creatures spun !  
The wicked children found it out, and thought they'd have some fun :  
“ We'll catch the midgets in a net, and then, when we're at play,  
We'll make them do our work for us, and mind all that we say ! ”  
The net was spread ; they laid in wait, and made it fast with ropes ;  
But they were caught, and not the gnomes—quite different from their hopes.  
They were not worthy to grow up, and so they did not grow,  
And now they're old and ugly, as you see them at this show ;  
They've lost their voices, but through this Ventriloquist they speak ;  
They will answer all your questions with a very funny squeak !

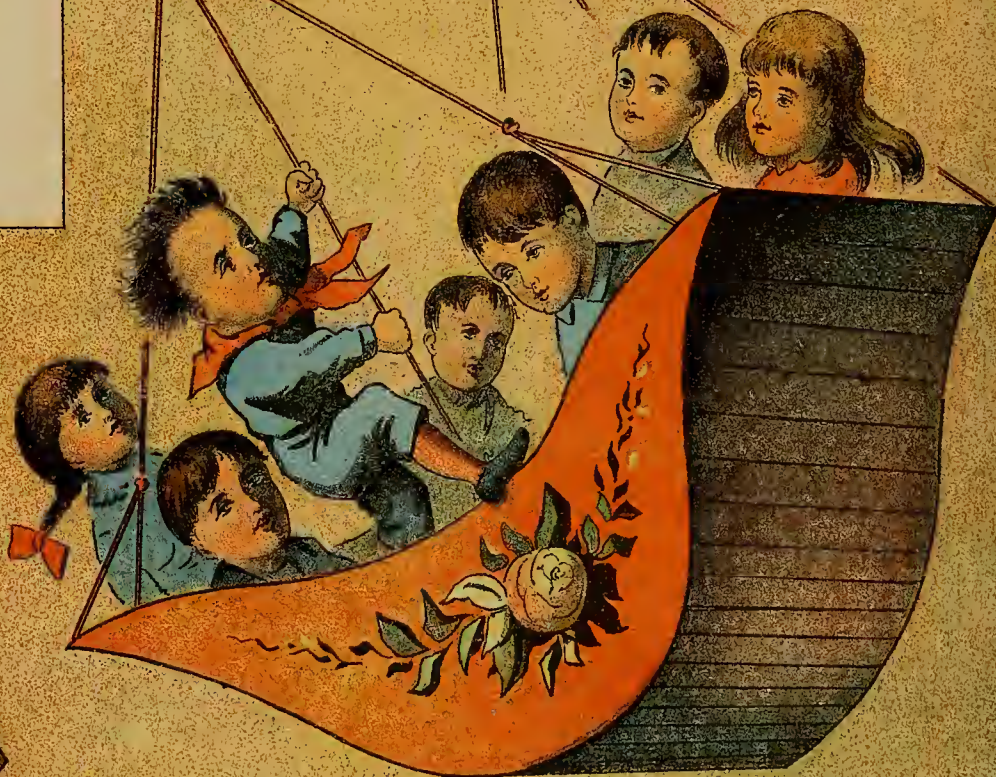
## *NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.*

Oh! have you heard, dear children, of the sunny land of France,—  
The land of vines and olives—the land of song and dance?  
And of the great Napoleon—still honored is his name—  
The little Corporal, whose deeds shall never lose their fame?  
How he rose from out the ranks to sit upon a throne,  
And through all the wide, wide world his name was feared and known?  
How he led his soldiers boldly in the midst of Russia's snows,  
And at Moscow his eagle banner unfurled, although it froze?  
And how his soldiers loved him, and would follow where he led,  
And the battle-fields were heaped up high with wounded and with dead?  
Through all the dreary marches, with but a word of cheer,  
They were glad to give their lives for him this Emperor so dear!  
At last the foeman captured him, and, in an island lone,  
They kept him where the sea washed up with melancholy moan;  
The dull days dragged by slowly; oft he turned a weary glance  
Far over the blue billows, toward his own dear land of France!  
They could see his eyes grow dim, though not a word was spoken,  
And at last, in silent grief, his gallant heart was broken!  
And then one day, years after, from that lone isle of gloom  
They bore him back to Paris—laid him in a stately tomb!  
Oh! there was pomp and pageant—all the streets were full of stir,  
As they brought the honored ashes of their noble Emperor!  
Still are heard, in song and story, the legends of his name;  
Still are painted History's pictures from the records of his fame!  
Merry ponders over this one—peeping at the wondrous show—  
Sees the prancing charger bravely up the slippery mountain go!  
Steep, and smooth, and pointed, like a sugar-loaf it seems,  
Napoleon guides his fiery steed, while his good broadsword gleams;  
And all his gallant legions, glad to follow where he goes,  
March bravely on behind him through the dreary Alpine snows!

Now for a swing, like birds on the wing,  
Up we go into the air,  
No starts or jumps, or you get some bumps,  
In this journey to nowhere.  
You may sing or shout, but mind what you're about,  
And hold fast with one hand ;  
For who can say, what may chance by the way,  
As we go to No-Man's Land ?  
So, one and all, take care of a fall,  
As we swing up and down ;  
'Twould end the fun, and all would  
be done,  
If you tumble and crack your  
crown.

I know of a swing  
In an old apple  
tree,  
That is dearer  
by far  
Than any to me.  
Like a rosy snow

The pink blossoms fall,  
While the blue-bird sings  
On the orchard wall ;  
The clouds, like ships,  
Go sailing by ;  
Like a blue — blue sea  
Is the summer sky.  
Oh ! for one day  
Of childhood's glee,  
In the dear old swing  
In the apple tree.



Swing.

F.O.

*William Tell*

*Shooting the Apple off his Son's Head.*



F.O.

*Wonderful Sharpshooter.*

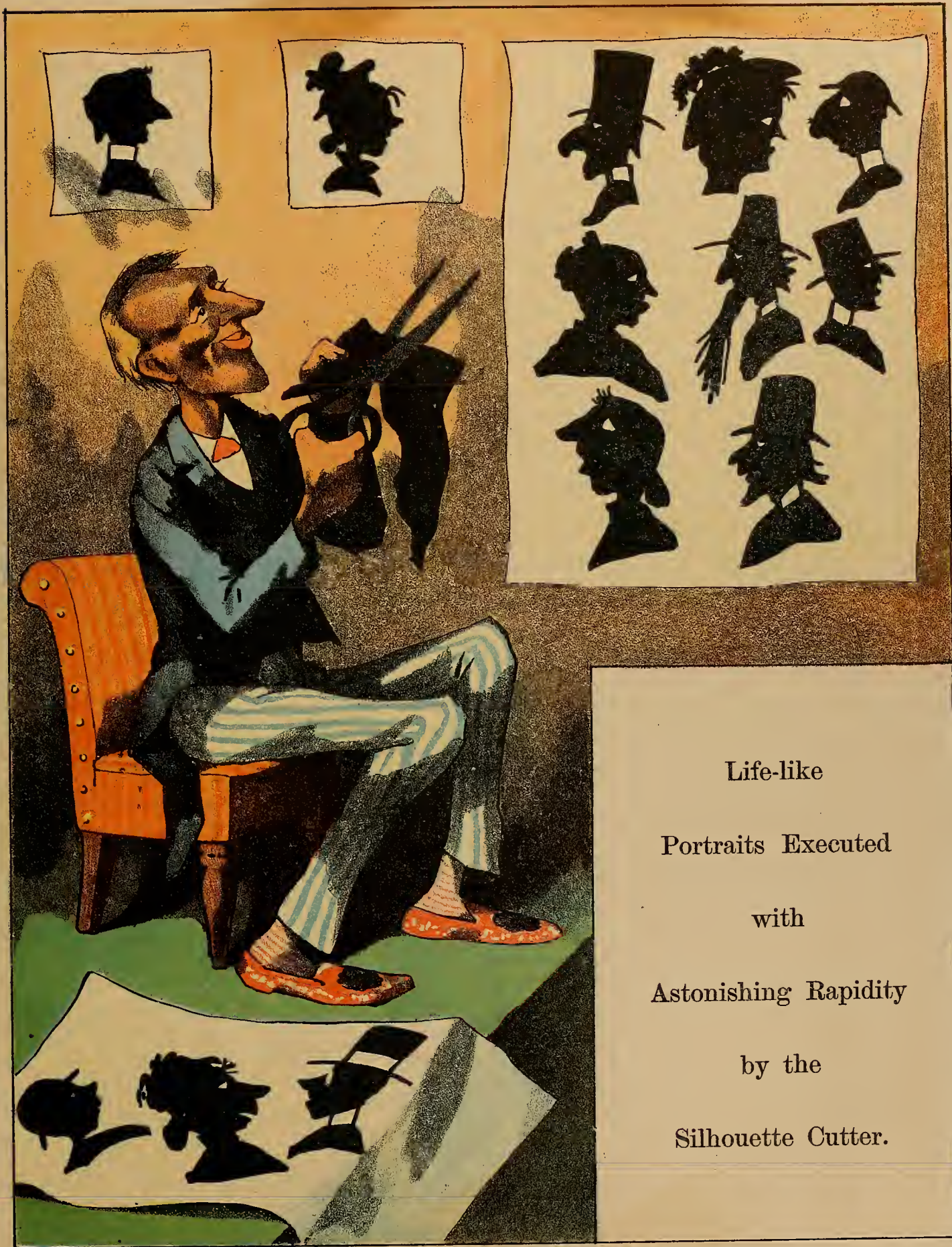


*Fat Lady.*

## THE WONDERFUL SHARP-SHOOTER

Where the mountains keep a watch upon the lake below,  
And the glowing light of sunset kindles roses in the snow,  
Where the flashing water falls adown the rocks in silver showers,  
And the lovely Edelweiss sends forth its dim white velvet flowers,  
Where, 'mid the Alpen roses, the fearless chamois springs,  
And in the dewy twilight the mellow herd-bell rings,  
There lies a lovely valley where of old there dwelt a band  
Of trusty men who would not bide a tyrant in their land.  
They met alone, these brave, true hearts, and took a solemn vow  
That to the hated tyrant's yoke their necks they would not bow;  
'Twas by the Lake of fair Lucerne these patriots met by night,  
And swore to fight for their own land, for God, and for the right!  
The Austrian, in the market-place, set up, where all could see,  
His cap, and vowed that all who passed should bend to it the knee.  
There was one man who would not bow—you know the story well—  
His honored name is handed down—the name of William Tell!  
The tyrant gnashed his teeth with rage and said the man should die,  
But he was a famed sharp-shooter, and he first his skill would try.  
Tell had a son—a little boy, dear to a father's heart—  
And with this child the tyrant swore that he must try his art  
And shoot an apple from his head—God speed the arrow well!—  
For on its fortune now must hang the life and death of Tell!  
The father does not tremble—his eye is stern and clear—  
Forgot is self and country—all but the boy so dear.  
Now, God be praised! The apple's cleft! The father clasps the child!  
The hated tyrant sees the sight and cries with fury wild:  
"Say, why this other arrow? thy work had need of one!"  
"Twas for thy heart—Oh, tyrant!—if I had killed my son!"  
Now, the Museum of Wonders tries the scene from Tell to show,  
But it is a very different sort of sharp-shooting, you know.





Life-like  
Portraits Executed  
with  
Astonishing Rapidity  
by the  
Silhouette Cutter.

*Silhouette Cutter.*

## THE FAT LADY.

Oh! maidens fair and slender, a story I'll relate:  
Ye disobedient children, take warning by my fate!  
Once I too played, an artless child, and made my pies of mud,  
Or twined the flowers in pretty wreaths with many a rosy bud;  
And when the ripest cherries shone like rubies in the trees,  
Or the golden apples fell when shaken by the breeze,  
I sold them to my playmates and hoarded up my pence.  
My parents cried with rapture, "The child has lots of sense!"  
I grew up tall and slender and straight as a young birch,  
And all the young men gazed at me whene'er I went to church!  
But I would not smile at one of them—I thought that I was born  
To wear a coronet or some high station to adorn.  
At last there came a nobleman with a dark and flashing eye,  
My parents did not favor him, so he said that we must fly.  
Now, maidens, listen to me, and all a warning take  
From my terrible adventure with Fernando de Bifstake!  
He told me of his lands in Spain, his castles grim and old,  
His hereditary jewels, far too precious to be sold;  
And in those flashing diamonds he would deck me in his pride,  
And to those castles lead me when I should be his bride,  
But in the meantime needed ready money for our fare;  
So I gathered all my shekels and gave them to his care,  
But never have I seen the noble Don since that,  
And the agony is slowly transforming me to fat.  
Oh! maidens, what an awful doom! Surely my fate is hard—  
To have a waist two yards around that once was half a yard!  
Yet I must sing and hide my grief, while all the time I know  
Though it consumes me inwardly the fatter I must grow!  
But "some day" I shall meet him, and "some day" my vengeance take:  
Oh! that will be a freezing day for Fernando de Bifstake!

## *THE SILHOUETTE CUTTER.*

With a simpering smile on his lips,  
And a look of intense delight,  
This individual sits  
And cuts from morn till night.  
Give him but scissors and cloth—  
'Tis all that he will ask—  
And he puts all his artist soul  
In his monotonous task.  
Snip, snip, snip,  
Under his hands they grow,  
The maiden with a pouting lip,  
The spinster and the beau,  
The blonde and the brunette,  
White locks or golden hair,  
The lean young clerk, the alderman,  
The hideous and the fair:  
From his hands they fall quick as a wink,  
But one and all are black as ink!



Have you heard of Tommy-look-in-the-air?  
Behold you see him before you there;  
His story is told in a German book,  
How in the air he would always look,  
Not heeding the way beneath his feet,  
Or seeing aught that was in the street;  
Tripping on this, falling on that,  
Treading upon the tail of the cat,  
Knocked down by drays, falling in brooks,  
Yet never learning to train his looks,  
Always gazing up with a stare,  
Till they called him Tommy-look-in-the-air.

And now you see he's in the air,  
In the place where he always used to stare;  
He walks no more in the busy street,  
He doesn't even come down to eat,  
They hand him all his victuals up there,  
Poor little Tommy-look-in-the-air.  
Now, children dear, take heed, I pray,  
To what your loving parents say;  
Tom would not try his fault to cure,  
His parents would no more endure,  
So in this museum he's enrolled,  
And his sad story is sometimes told.  
He cannot set his foot on the ground,  
On the top of the stilts he's always found,  
And visitors come here to stare,  
At poor little Tommy-look-in-the-air.

*Boy on Stilts.*



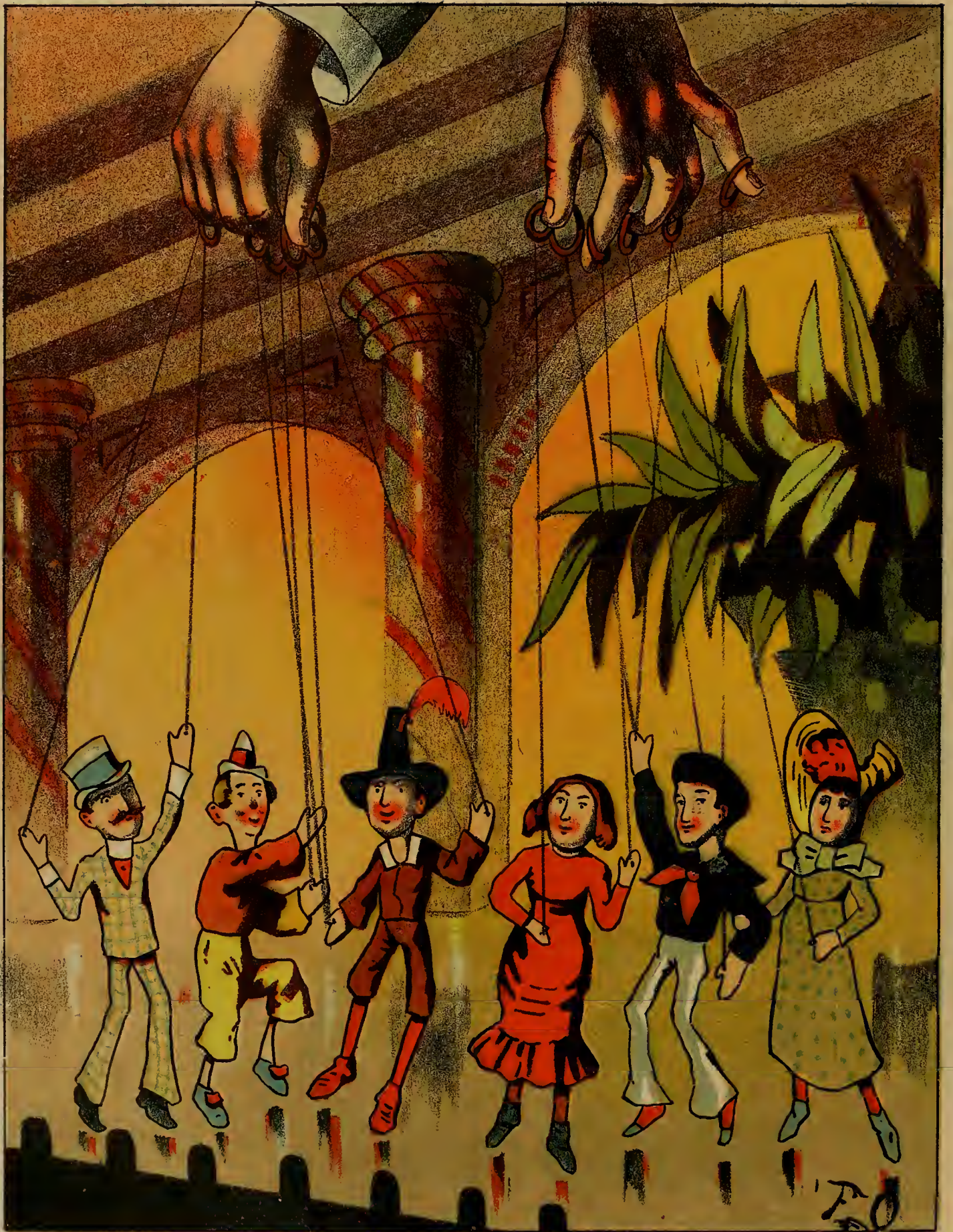
F.O.

*Midgets.*

## THE MIDGETS.

Once on a time the giants lived on our earth we're told,  
And I have seen a picture, in a book of stories old,  
Of a giant maiden who had found a peasant at his plough,  
With his horse to make the furrows in the fallow land, as now;  
She was large enough, I'm thinking, to put them in her pocket,  
For she wore upon her necklace a mill-wheel for a locket.  
With one clutch she caught the peasant, and then, with joyful bound,  
You may be sure her footsteps woke all the echoes round;  
Unto her home she hurried and there her treasure showed:  
"Oh! see the lovely plaything, pa, I've found upon the road!"  
The father smiled a giant smile, and then he gravely said:  
"The peasants are not playthings! Oh, no! they make our bread!  
Their bodies are not large as ours, but their souls no one can measure;  
The peasants are not playthings, nor made to serve our pleasure."  
And so, my little children, when I show these midgets small,  
Perhaps you think that one of them would make a splendid doll—  
A real, live doll!—just think of it! Oh, what a precious prize!  
You would not have to pull a string to make it shut its eyes!  
And it could do all sorts of things, and laugh, and cry, and talk,  
And play at all your games with you, or take a pleasant walk!  
But then, you see, these midgets are people just like you;  
You can hear them sing, and see them dance, and find all they can do.  
They are not even children, but quite grown up and old;  
To many a court of Europe they've journeyed, I am told.  
We cannot make them playthings, but we can listen now  
To all that they will say to us, when they have made their bow.  
Like a piece of Dresden china is the little lady fair,  
With her locks so very golden, and her pretty, modest air.  
Perhaps you'll think the midgets the very best of all,  
For they say the things most precious are done up in parcels small!

*The Marionettes*  
*AT THE*  
*Museum of Wonders*  
*AND*  
*How they Dance.*



*Marionettes.*





If there were a magic mirror

That would show the human face,

Always with the roses blooming,

Always fresh with youthful grace:

Where the gold locks kept their sunshine

And the dimples ne'er were lost,

All the world would buy such mirrors,

Caring little for the cost.

FO

*Distorting Mirror.*

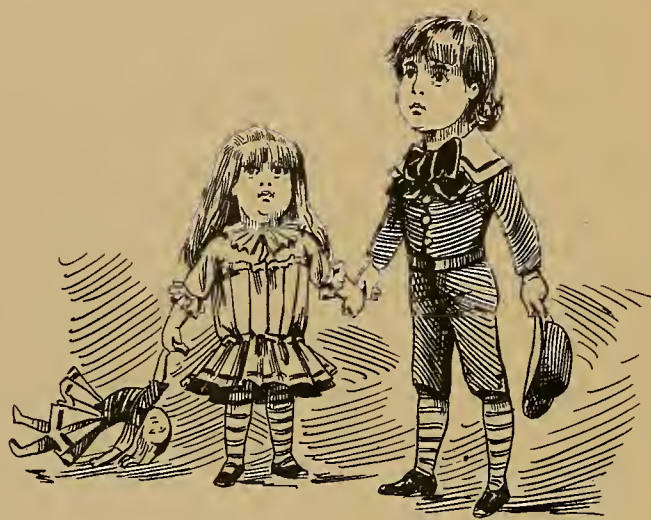
## THE MARIONETTES.

Across the sea they come to us, these little Marionettes;  
So take your seats and listen to the pretty play, my pets!  
You see there is a sailor lad who can sing about the waves,  
And tell you that the "Britons never, never will be slaves!"  
He said good-bye to home and friends, this jolly little tar,  
For he'd read of strange adventures in wondrous lands afar,  
And of boys that won great prizes—sacks of gold and diamonds, too—  
And took command of noble ships and of a gallant crew.  
He hasn't found a ship just yet for him to take command,  
But he has found the pretty lass that he holds by the hand.  
She wears a poke and a red, red rose, and a bow beneath her chin,  
And he'll be sure to marry her whenever his ship comes in.  
The maiden in the scarlet gown has come from over the Rhine;  
Upon its banks her home is hid among the blooming vines;  
In a castle just above it there dwelt a Baron bold,  
Who had wrought many a deed of wrong in the dark days of old;  
His son still wears the bandit hat, with a feather fiery red,  
But he's a very mild young man and seeks to earn his bread;  
He would not steal it for the world—in the ancestral style—  
And so he left with pleasure his father's gloomy pile.  
He comes to our new world to sing his songs of Fatherland,—  
I'm sure that you will think him the finest of the band.  
Here's one from China, too—the land of porcelain and tea—  
Where all those queer pagodas are and bridges that you see  
Painted in blue upon your plates, with willows dripping o'er,  
And groups of funny people standing on an azure shore.  
Here's a dandy in a white hat and a suit of giant plaid;  
He was a bank cashier, and now his case is very sad;  
He cannot open any safe—he must obey commands;  
He cannot help himself to cash—he cannot use his hands.

## *THE DISTORTING MIRROR.*

Oh! what is this the baby sees  
    When lifted to the glass?  
A very queer and funny thing  
    Has surely come to pass!  
Her pretty dimpled cheeks here look  
    Swelled out like two balloons!  
Her smiling eyes have grown, you see,  
    About as big as moons!  
And then the rosy, dimpled mouth  
    Has changed—the pretty lamb!  
Until it looks for all the world  
    Like a slice cut from a ham!

If there were a magic mirror  
    That would show the human face  
Always with the roses blooming,  
    Always fresh with youthful grace,  
Where the gold locks kept their sunshine  
    And the dimples ne'er were lost,  
All the world would buy such mirrors,  
    Caring little for the cost.



*Good Bye  
Come Again.*







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